

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, & yet hee talkt wisely and in the street too.

*Prince* Thou didst wel, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a saint: thou hast don much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgie thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prince* Where shall we take a purse to morrow Iacke?

*Fals.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

*Prince* I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purse taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter poyes.*

*Poyes.* Now shall we know, if Gads hil haue set a match, O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poyes.* Goodmorrow sweet *Hal*! What sayes Monsieur remorse? what sayes sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? how agrees the diuell & thee about thy soule, that thou soldest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Medera and a colde Capons leggs?

*Prin.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargain, for hee was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due

*Poyes.*

*Poyes.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd for Cosening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning clock early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to ry with rich offrings, and traders riding to London purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horse felues. Gads-hil lies to night in Rochester, I haue better to morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your purses full, if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

*Fal.* Thers neither honesty, manhood, nor good in thee, nor thou camest not of the bloud royall, if not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then once in my daies Ile be a mad

*Fals.* Why thats well saide.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poy.* Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he

*Fal.* Well, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion cares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move he heares may be beleued, that the true prince may (in sake) proue a false theefe, for the poore abuses want countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in E

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollow

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with row, I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot manag stallfe, Haruey, Rofsill, and Gads hill shall rob thee we haue already way-laid, your selfe & I wil not be when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob this head from my shoulders.

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